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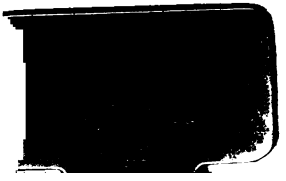

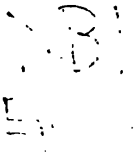

To Miss Gilbert in
memory of the Hot Springs
— & Caldwells, of N.C.
July 1.95 — from N.C.

MOODS AND WHIMS

BY

MARY OLIVE EMMONS.

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PRELUDE.

I HAVE a muse: a little, flighty maid
Whose tears and smiles are like an April day;
Who fills my heart at times with treasured song,
And bids me write these songs as best I can.
She opes her arms to me, when to my task
I hasten, with a lack of proper time
To while the hours in sweet companionship,
And I must bid her wait some later day;
And then she sulks, and will not turn to me
When, all my duties o'er, I fain would speak,
And far from me she veils herself in tears;
Then, when I turn alike in sad despair,
And, weary, bend me to some drudgery,
I hear her soft and dainty footfall near,
And lo! she sings such words into my brain
That swift my willing pen in eagerness
Strives to portray some faint and shadowy glimpse
Of all the beauty that her mind conceives;
But yet, alas! the dullard fails to show
The inner essence of my muse's dreams.
Still all my life would leave a deep content
Could I but bring these two, my closest friends,
To clearer understanding and delight.

What they have writ, I lay before your eyes;
They are but whims of this too fickle muse,
Some tears and smiles of all her various moods;
They are not mine, so judge them as you will.
Should glory come, I fain would share with her;
But otherwise please give her all the shame.

FEB 36

MOODS AND WHIMS.

SPRING SONG.

O, THE Earth is full of music!
And my heart is full of song!
For the glad Springtime is coming
Creeping slowly, slowly on;
And the little birds are singing,
And the wee, green buds are springing,
And the sweet winds soft are winging,
For the Spring is coming on.

O, the rivers burst their prison,
And go rushing glad along;
And the little brooks in gladness
Add their babble to the song;
And the birds join in the chorus,
While the winds are whistling o'er us
As they drive the chill before us,
For the Spring is coming on.

SPRING IS COME.

Snow, snow, snow!
  Till our breath is nearly gone!
And blow, blow, blow!
  Till our heads will scarce stay on!
Oh, well for the furnace man,
  That he works o'er the red-hot coals:
He never can know of the chilling blasts
  And only can dream of the cold!

Tramp, tramp, tramp!
  O'er the long and windy road,
With never a ray of the sun to cheer
  Or to take off the edge of the cold.
  And we shiver and shake in our boots
    Till our fingers and noses are blue;
      We have heard poets sing
      Of "Spring, gentle Spring"!
    How little, alas! they knew!

He. —

It might have been rude,
  But think of the pleasure!
No doubt I 'll be sued
For she 's rather a prude;
But so long I have wooed,
  And she is *such* a treasure!
So if she says 't was rude
  I shall dwell on the pleasure!

SHE. —

If the lights were turned low
In the library corner,
He 'd repeat it, I know
If I only but show
That I hated it so;
And then he 'll be a " goner ";
So the lights *shall* be low
In the library corner !

IN COELO QUIES.

So many years my feet have trod
The stony path towards my God,
And many years before me lie
In blank uncertain destiny;

So many pains I here have met
My weary heart cannot forget;
For black and dark, before my sight,
They hide me from Thy mercy's light.

So many joys have come to me
My heart should all thanksgiving be;
Dear Lord, forgive my foolish fears,
I trust to Thee the coming years,

And grant that I may every day
Have grace to praise, and power to pray
That Thou wilt guide me on the road
My Saviour has before me trod.

Keep me within the bonds of peace
And bid my restless questions cease;
Thus, in Thy light and by Thy side
I shall not fall at eventide.

ON MY BIRTHDAY — MAY 24, 1892.

THIS day is mine, — my natal day;
Then give me tender wishes
That never gift may come to me
More dear than your sweet kisses.
And born this day was good Queen "Vic."
Were you a *man*, you 'd answer quick
"Then on this best of days, sublime,
Was born both England's Queen — and mine"!

AFTER DARK.

WHERE shines the moon upon a thousand spires
Reflected in the harbor's mirrored light,
Or black against the sunset's golden fires,
Now fading fast before the deep'ning night;
Here breezes fan the heated brow of toil,
And soft the light, compared to glare of day,
So soothes our eyes, and lulls our minds, the while
Our weary brains release the cares of day.

So, soon, for us, when sunset's hour is past,
  Our deeds shine clear upon the afterglow;
And cool the light that follows mid-day's
    blast
  Shall bathe all past deeds in its mellow flow.
In noontide's heat, then, may we hopeful feel,
For after dark, the cool our cares will steal.

SONG.

THE winter skies are blue, so blue,
  The winter sun is warm,
The earth puts on her snow-white gown,
  To welcome his return.

The Earth's white gown is fair, so fair,
  The moon in silver glances,
And flickers through the tree tops bare,
  In gleeful, dainty dances.

The cold winds dull their keener edge,
  And softer flies the swallow;
And where I go, or far, or near,
  I know my Love will follow.

MISERERE.

THE rush of the day is over,
The cares of the day are done,
And evening draws slowly her mantle grey
Over the face of the sun.
Ah, blessed twilight! thus to be
The end of strife — the rest — for me!

The long, dark night is over,
The eastern dawn is red,
Ah, joy! that the morn will the dark hours speed
And banish my sleepless bed.
Come day, come light, come blessed fray,
That calls me from my thoughts away!

A VALENTINE.

BENEATH the glowing summer sun,
Beneath the clustering vine,
My muse would guide my wayward pen
To write my valentine.

But in the dark of wintry sleet
The wayward sun seems gone for years;
And, sullenly, my naughty muse,
Is buried in her furs.

Yet comes the day when other swains
  Shall pen long lines to willing ears,
Oh, *why*, my muse, desert me thus?
  Pray give me *some* ideas!

In vain; the unpropitious storm
  Beguiles no muse to joyous rhyme;
But when the summer comes again
  I 'll sing my Valentine!

PHILLIA.

WITHIN the palace of my heart —
A strongly fortressed citadel —
A throne is set with guards about;
Dulled are the walls to people's shout.
  For in my heart thy smile dost dwell,
The doors, unbarred, obey thy art,
  My guarded heart in fondest dream
  Holds only thou, my Love, the Queen.

VENI; VIDI; VICI!

LOVE came; and with his bonnie eyes
Looked into hers; his tender sighs
Rent ruthlessly her willing heart,
  But spake she not, when he her name
Called softly, when with lover's art
    Love came.

Love saw within her eyes the glow
That only love can see or know;
He saw the blushes fiercely spring
Within her cheeks, so pale before;
And hot the tears a-clamoring
Love saw.

Love conquered: ah! 't was so to be!
Love came and saw— and thus to see
Beheld within his mirrored size.
Oh, woman's heart! To surely prove
That but to look in thy dear eyes
So conquers Love!

MY BABY.

Noisy feet backwards and forwards toddling,
Noisy voice prattling all the day long;
Teasing for mamma to "tell me a tory,"
Begging for mamma to "sing me a song"!
Never a pause from the earliest dawning,
Never a rest till the evening is come,
Always there 's something to do for my baby,
The dearest, wee baby boy under the sun.

What if my baby should cease in his prattle!
What if the pattering music refrain!
God! But the silence would be overwhelming,
Nothing would comfort my sorrowing brain.

Agony comes in the very suggestion;
Let not my mind these chill questions annoy;
Take not my life, Lord, my only dear treasure,
Spare me my baby, my sweet baby boy.

TO IGNACE JEAN PADEREWSKI.

I SING not to extol your praise,
For common tongues will laud you, too;
But, in a parting sigh, I grieve
"Auf Wiedersehen" must be "Adieu."

Adieu! my gloves are past all hope.
I'd gladly wreck another pair
In loud applause your merits speak;
Alas! I have no gloves to wear!

No gifts have I to give to you,
No flowers nor cigarettes to send;
But 't is a hope that this "Adieu"
Some day may be "Auf Wiedersehen"!

CONSOLATION.

I KNOW some time the day will come,
If I can only patient wait,
When God will set my weary feet
Within the Pearly Gate.

I know some day if I but work
In steady zeal my dreary task,
My God will give me my release,
And free my soul at last.

But oh! how long the days go on,
How many hours seem to steal
Before the twilight comes again,
And night its rest reveal.

And when the final night shall come,
And Death shall fold me in his arms,
Oh! in the blessed, blessed rest
I can have no alarms.

Nay, Heart! be strong and cease to mourn;
A *cheerful* doing of thy task
Will bring to thee a brighter hope,
A happiness to last.

And Heaven will come to meet thee then,
And thou shalt tread a brighter way;
So day will wear a brighter smile
And night be like to day.

CUPID *vs.* MAN.

WEE Cupid, come, and take my easy chair;
Lend me an arrow from thy quiver laden,
Tip it with deepest love that man can share
With such a dainty, saintly, pretty maiden.

"Nay, nay," cries Cupid, "all my darts are free,
For such a tip is made not on the dart.
If thou would'st love, I first must shoot at thee
Then send the same shaft to her tender heart."

"Well, I object. Pierce thou my money-bags;
For curing wounded hearts I have no time.
Take then the shaft, and ere the morning lags
Send to her trusting heart my valentine!"

SONNET.

Too great the burden for my heart, O Lord.
Too long I bear and suffer 'neath the weight,
What help or comfort can thy name afford?
I dare not wrestle with my bitter fate.
Long since I ceased to shed unwholesome tears,
But stiff and dry, my sorrow still lives on;
And every day my soul new burden wears,
And every night I find no weight is gone;
How dare I hope, then, after years of pain
That aught but Death will soothe my aching breast?
How eagerly I greet each night again
That ends another day towards my rest.
Then soft upon my soul sweet accents fall,
"I feel your sorrow, for I know it all."

EASTER GREETING.

PALE the stars at Easter dawn;
All hail! for Christ is risen.
Ope the flowers to greet the morn,
The Lord is risen indeed.

Gaily burst the songs of birds;
All hail! for Christ is risen.
Breathe the echoes back the words,
The Lord is risen indeed.

Angels bright the anthems swell;
All hail! for Christ is risen.
Let your glad songs rise as well;
The Lord is risen indeed.

From afar comes back the strain;
All hail! for Christ is risen.
Death to sin, for Life will reign;
The Lord is risen indeed.

LAMENT.

RING, bells, in ling'ring cadence sweet
To greet the young new year;
But each reverberating beat
Recalls the bitter tear;

For sad the past I view in vain
And to the future turn,
A thousand times more sad 't will be
Lest Dennis should return.

Ye merry birds, on bush and tree,
Forbid your tuneful lay;
For every gladness saddens me
While Dennis is away.
O Time, on leaden weighted wings,
I prithee get thee gone
And bring the ten times happy day
When Dennis shall return.

PHYLLIS.

In August alone with sweet Phyllis I wandered
O'er firm sanded beaches, and green shaded dells;
Together long hours in strolling we squandered
Collecting sweet fern or abundance of shells.

And when came the parting, Ah! bitterly sighing,
I left my sweet Phyllis with tears in her eyes.
Then while in my bank books her memory was dying
My Phyllis remained soothing other chaps' sighs.

The mail, John? A card with "Miss Brown's" name upon it.
Who 's she? Ah! the Phyllis I met at the shore!
Her address below, and directly beyond it
A line, "Every Wednesday, November, a four."

A dim, lighted room, and a murmur of voices,
And at her low table sweet Phyllis I see.
Anew my worn heart in her freshness rejoices,
I 'll drink to my love in a cup of her tea!

TO MY LOVE!

I MEANT to write a Valentine
Before the day should come again;
But really, dear, the words sublime
Sound stale and flat from my poor pen.
The paper basket by my side
Holds reams and reams I 've writ to you;
Of darts and hearts, and tender smarts,
Of faithful love, whate 'er betide,
Of earth's bright suns and skies of blue!

Forgive me, dear, that though I spend
Such hours of toil, and fail to send;
If t' were my fate
That you I 'd hate
I send them all to you, my friend!

SONNET.

Soft falling, with a stately solemn tread
That echoes through the corridors of time,
The memories of the past, the sainted dead,
Pace forth before our partly clouded mind;
Clouded, but in a little while we see
Clear, face to face, the vision now so dark;
And all the doubts and fears forgotten be,
And love be kindled from the tiny spark
That we have cherished. Then we see and know
And feel that sweet communion with the saints
Who long since left this sham and empty show.
Then, while we pray for grace that never faints,
We tread the dreary mill of earth's routine
And turn our soul's eyes to the dim unseen.

BIRTHDAY GREETING.

Acushnet, sweet Acushnet!
Thou beauteous village small,
What tender tales could you reveal
If you could talk, at all;
What words of idle loafing,
What scenes of perfect peace,
What utter freedom from the cares
From which we seek release.

What are the charms, Acushnet,
That call our friends to thee,
Away from civilized delights,
Away from revelry?
Ah! bid my mind to wander,
And picture to my brain
The restfulness of all your life
Which tempts our friends again.

Could I but fly, Acushnet,
I 'd bend my course to thee;
And through the green of shaded lanes,
I surely seem to see
A grocer cart with goodies piled
From Mr. Stobbart's farm;
(A farm it is, and not *a* farm
Which lends it double charm.)

But high up on the cart — look!
Who is it that I see?
Look once again, again — be sure —
It is — 't is surely he!
A hat too big by many times,
A careless air content;
And, my! how many shades of brown
He 's gotten since he went!

Perchance I see a hay cart
With laden fragrance heaped;
And on the top our friend again
Sunk down in hay, knee-deep;

A new life in his eyes is come,
  A new ring to his voice ;
Ah ! well for thee, Acushnet,
  He can in thee rejoice.

Ah ! well the summer breezes
  Waft sweetness to his soul ;
And well the summer sunshine
  Helps make the perfect whole ;
The little brooks sing merrily
  (If little brooks there be)
And give again the echoed song
  In sweetest melody.

And if, on this your birthday,
  My friend, whom I address,
There comes some fuller gladness
  Your future life to bless,
Sure, though the past be crowded
  With what might be undone,
To-day, thank God ! a new year comes,
  A year but just begun.

And in the dear Acushnet,
  'T is well that you should be
Alone with Nature's God to-day,
  Where sure you love to be.
May summer winds a blessing give,
  And in the melody
Of earth and sky I beg you find
  A birthday wish — from me !

MY RICHES.

I OWN a house that 's really small,
A patch of greenest lawn,
A flower-bed of posies bright,
Which shame the face forlorn;
I would not sell these goods, all told,
For forty times their weight in gold.

I own a sweep of azure sky
Which guards me all the day,
And lights its darker windows when
The sun has gone away;
I would not lose that roof of blue
For countless mines of gold; would you?

I own a heart, o'er full of love,
So tender and so true,
The posies seem more gay to blow,
The sky more sunny blue;
Sure, this is mine — my dearest heart —
Though all the world and I must part!

MY LITTLE SISTER.

I HAD a little sister once,
So good, and bright, and gay,
I never felt the day begun
Until I heard her say,

"Good morning, Babe," in cheery tones,
  Her kiss upon my brow,
And then I felt that life was glad —
  I have no sister now!

Her earnest work for every good
  Was purely, truly done;
She felt alive to every truth,
  Awake for all the fun;
She had a word of kindly grace;
  Alas! I can't tell how
I miss that counsel from her lips —
  I have no sister now!

She lived — and life to her was sweet,
  And sweet to all about;
She died — and with her parting breath
  The lights of life went out.
And now in dark this world but seems
  A dreary, empty show;
While friends are kind, my heart is dead —
  I have no sister now!

There may be those who never knew
  The light which I have known;
There must be those whose lives of peace
  Have never need to moan;
But though I lived so gladly once,
  Before the rod I bow;
My spirit crushed, my life is gone —
  I have no sister now!

SONG.

ADOWN 'neath the bending willows,
Where sparkles the river by,
A-dreaming, my tiny lady
Lets moments and hours fly,
Thinking, and dreaming, and musing,
While swift the hours run:
Have you no one to love, little lady,
That you dream by the river alone?

Nearer and nearer treading,
A step in the rustling grass,
Softly the river approaching, —
Will my lady let it pass?
Spring up now, my dear little lady,
Soft blushes your face overspread,
With Love hand in hand slowly pacing,
All dreaming and musing are dead.

HEBRON.

NOT very far from everywhere, in fact, 't is called the "Hub,"
Where children run barefooted, and we call them "Sis" and "Bub";
Close down between the rolling hills that seem so near at hand,
Apart, alone, in Nature's world, there lies the Holy Land.

Ah! holy true it is to us, by tender memories blessed,
For farm and field, and hill and dale, our childhood's feet have pressed;
And after heat of toilsome play, our baby brows were fanned
By sweet, refreshing breezes from the hills to Holy Land.

Here, where the sparkling stars hang out their tiny lamps at even,
And twinkle, twinkle, bright and clear, within the dome of Heaven,
Come tender thoughts of bygone days, as with the coming night,
Rise up before us faces gone to brighter lands of light.

It seems a land of pure delight where saints immortal dwell;
For to our list'ning ear the spirit-voices seem to swell
Our prayer and praise in worship here, and, as we kneeling bend,
We hold communion with the saints once in this Holy Land.

What wonder, then, that here we roam when, tried by summer's heat,
We flee the city's burning walls with scorched and weary feet;

What wonder, too, we meet, returned, a joyous, happy band,
The boys and girls whose mothers played with ours in Holy Land.

Then let our praises reach the sky, and rend the starry dome,
And where our fathers lived and died, have joy to call this "Home!"
Aside with all pretensious show! Away with visions grand!
And live a peaceful, happy life within the Holy Land.

MY GRAVES.

I own three graves within the flowered space
That marks the land of God;
Long years between, yet ever side by side,
The dear dust molds beneath the restful sod.
Ah, bursting heart! That little new-made mound
So lately hid my love from sight and sound,
And all the world is woefully bereft,
Because those graves alone to me are left.

I turn mine eyes and see three lights arise
In the dark road that leads to Paradise;
So steady, clear, they make the pathway bright,

And guide my feet that walk in deepest night.
O God! who knows what comfort Thou can send
When hope is faint and frail?
Because I know those angel lights are mine,
I oft may stumble, but I cannot fail.

MY WINIFRED.

A ROYAL crown should grace thy head,
My Winifred,
So queenly on thy shoulders set
'T is worthy of a diadem
Beset with many a priceless gem
And wrought with carvings rare, — and yet
Thy glorious hair of softest brown
Will be thine only earthly crown;
Still to my heart, thy queenly tread
Bespeaks my queen,
My Winifred.

May it not be, by sorrow fed,
My Winifred,
Thy heart, though often sore distressed,
Will rise again and yet again
Above the trials and the pain;
Crush down the sin, and find the rest?

With patience firm, march on, march on,
Bear thou the cross — until the crown
Of victory shall grace thy head
In Heaven, at last,—
My Winifred.

DEATH OR LIFE?

Night falls, and in the darkness drear
There seems no hope of future cheer;
A blacker night for earth ne'er came
And morning ne'er will dawn again.

Day broke, the restless life gone o'er,
A glorious morn her morrow saw;
And ne'er will greet her gloried sight
The sadness of our destined night.

So, though our night be dark, we pray
It may the more enrich her day.

DEACON JACOBS' GIRL.

I KNOW a pleasant little brook within a shady dell,
Perhaps I have a reason for rememb'ring it so well,
For 't was n't morn 'n a week ago we come here on a spree,
Just Deacon Jacobs' youngest girl, an' Becky Jane, an' me!

We brought our supper with us, an' had planned
to sit an' eat,
With the trees a rustlin' overhead, the brook a
singin' sweet;
I guess the girls ate more than me, for I took
in the view,—
The beauties of sweet nature, and of *human
nature*, too!

Well, Deacon Jacobs' youngest girl has grown
up in a night;
Her sister Sue aint much on looks, and Cynthy
Ann 's a fright!
But if this one aint handsome, then my eyes
war n't fit to see
The day she spent out in the woods with Becky
Jane an' me!

I'd like to come again with her, an' asked her
if I could,
She did n,t say I could n't, so I rather thought
I would;
An' when I seen her blushin' cheeks, I thought
when next we come,
We 'd take a single buggy, an' leave Becky Jane
to home

PSALM XLII. 12.

DEEP calleth unto deep; in thunder tones
The mighty waters rage and surge and swell,
Answering responding depths, adjoining zones,
In accents only each to each can tell.

Deep calls to deep; for so the heart is stirred,
And wakens other hearts to quick respond.
Ah, pitying sorrow! gracious, kindly word!
Rouse from thy slumbers, leap thy bonds beyond.
Deep calleth unto deep!

OF MY FRIENDS.

I HAVE been lately reading and re-reading
The words that came to me when Ethel died;
Such words, so sweet I scarce could grasp their meaning,
Yet, oh! how sweet they soothed me, stupefied.

For so I was; half dazed with sudden sorrow,
And partly awed by all the light she saw;
My mind half here, half there, could only borrow
A partial life wherein I lived before.

Those words! They helped my longing mind remember
That I on earth must live a longer span;
That though I turn from June to bleak December,
I find the warmth of many a friendly hand.

They tell me, in such dear and pitying saying,
That God is good, because *they* feel for me;
They tell me in some way, that they are praying
That my poor heart may God's great goodness see.

And so, dear friends, the months are growing longer
That mark the space between this day and then;
And every reading makes my heart grow stronger,
And I am blessed in all my many friends.

And if, perchance, I find, while I am reading,
I see the words are dimmed with many tears,
I know that I am better for the weeping
Which bathes my soul from all my foolish fears.

RESTLESSNESS.

O SUN, with pitiless, gleeful rays,
I long to cloud your brazen face!
O wind, so sweet, so summer warm,
How *can* you be so calm?

O people in the crowded street,
Why do you ply your restless feet?
And carts have rumbled on and on
Since weary morn begun.

The world goes on, the birdlings sing,
And brightest flowers are blossoming;
The busy bustle of the town
Arises all around.

How *can* it be that all alive
Can now, as ever, seek to strive?
Do they not know that life is fled
Since she — my little one — is dead?

TO MY MUSE.

AH, naughty muse, unruly girl,
How oft I bid you to unfurl
  Your veil of eloquence!
But when I surest need you nigh
You grasp your petticoats and fly
  To atmospheres more dense.

How oft I woo you to return
When erst my heart in fever-burn
  Would seek to find you near;
Yet there you stay, nor deign to sing
To my poor heart a single thing
  That I could care to hear.

Then get thee hence, oh, wilful muse!
I would not seek to wear my shoes
  Pursuing such as you;
I will not sing to anyone,
But wait until the time shall come
  When muses me shall woo.

Some other muses sure are nigh
With winning grace and flashing eye,
  Who will not leave me lone;
So you may go — for in the sea
Are dainty fish enough for me,
  And you may mope alone!

AFTER DARK.

Swoops down the dark like some ill-omened
  bird
  Upon my life, my heart, my very soul;
Black grows the sun, and chilling clouds creep
  on,
  While rumbling thunders o'er the heavens
  roll;

Through the deep dark a rift of piercing light
Finds its quick way to my bewildered sight.
Lord, teach mine eyes to see in earth's deep shades
The blessed haven of thy warmer glades;
And in the gleam of this prophetic spark
My soul will find its sunshine, after dark.

O LONELY NIGHT.

O LONELY night in the village still,
My soul admits thy charms;
But my sad heart feels in thy beauty's midst
A sense of wild alarms:

Will my baby live, or my baby die?
Only dear God can know, —
And yet in this solemn summer night
I am filled with a trembling woe.

The church bell tolls; with a start I turn
As if I seem to see
The angel Death, with the rope in hand
Tolling right solemnly.

O angel! spare us our baby boy
For we need him here so much —
Oh God! keep the angel away to-night,
Ward off his chilling touch.

And yet, we know, our Father dear,
Whatever is, is right;
So we rest in trust of Thy graciousness
On this solemn, summer night!

TO MY PRINCESS.

"NOT beautiful?" Ah, dear, you little know,
My bonnie lass,
The pure, sweet light that all your features show
To all who pass.
In sparkling smile
Or sweet repose,
A witching wile
Towards me flows.
'T is something beautiful that from the heart
Leaps to my own, and bids the teardrops start.

And when I see thy crosses borne,
Dear Princess mine,
So patiently, so cheerily, alone
With strength divine,
I feel that thou,
Though great the ill,
Will see all through
The Father's will.
And so your patience seems to me so sweet,
I long to tread with your obedient feet.

There is a saint, dear Heart, in Paradise
Who loves you so.
She bore her cross like you, so patiently
On earth below;
But in your life
With tears she saw
The many nails
Your crosses wore.
And all her heart like mine was filled with woe
Because our deepest love we could not show.

"Not beautiful?" Ah, were such beauty mine
Of mind and soul
There would be less of sin for me to pine
Through years that roll.
The beauty deep
Is in your breast,
And God will keep
That beauty fresh.
So beautiful, my Princess, will you be
To all, forever, as you are to me.

PAX VOBISCUM.

ONLY the choir rehearsing for the morrow
My hearing greets;
But in the swaying of my saddest sorrow,
So heavenly sweet,
It almost might be angels singing to me peace
While sad my poor soul flutters for release.

I bow my head, and let the music steal
Into my heart;
I feel my pulses thrill, my senses reel,
The great tears start;—
What is to be will be, dear Lord, and so we know
Thy peace will thus to our dull senses flow!

TO SUE.

I KNOW a maiden fair and sweet,
So fresh and bright and free
The very grasses 'neath her feet
Caress her lovingly.
I have n't mentioned names, but, then,
Of course you know it 's you,
Because — I think you must have seen
I kinder like you, Sue!

I see you when I close my eyes
Arrayed in softest white,
The moon no purer can arise
On any summer night.
Your hair — I call it raven black,
You give it lighter hue,
But I don't care what shade your hair, —
I kinder like you, Sue.

I'm no great hand to tell in words
My feelings deep and strong;
I can't tell how your friendship firm
Has helped my life along;
I cannot put, I wish I could,
My love in words anew,
But only o'er and o'er repeat,
I kinder like you, Sue.

And when, some day, there comes a one
Whose life to you shall seem
More strong and firm in true love's faith
Than in your fondest dream,
Ah, then, I beg, remember how
My heart is true to you,
For I shall say, my latest day,
I kinder like you, Sue!

FOUR MONTHS.

THE sun rose ever bright and clear
The morning airs to wed;
He peeped above the tree-tops high
And leaped from out his bed.
He gaily flung his rays about
So bright and warm and free;
He peeped into the casement, and
Drew back in mute dismay.

The room was cold, and dark, and still,
So still it seemed to me
That God had whispered "Silence", here,
So silence there should be.
That form so still, its dainty lines
Upon the covering traced,
And underneath the kerchief white
Reposed a lovely face.

The lovely face was once so bright,
But Death has kissed it now;
The gracious speech is silent to
Our longing ears below.
But if we strain immortal ears
May we not hope to hear
The blessed accents that we love
And miss forever here?

The morning air was sweet with flowers
That lay about her form,
And oh! too fleeting were the hours,
That sped their way along.
We cried, "How can we lay away
This dear, beloved one,
For dark our lives will grope along
When she, our light, is gone!"

O gracious God! we cling to thee,
Else sure we cannot bear
The bleak, cold path thy hand has shown
That lies before us here.

We cannot see why so bereft
Our hearts with woe are filled,
We only know that we are left —
And left to do thy will.

And so we thank thee for the sun,
That spread its radiance far,
And for the flowers that, more bright
Than other flowers were,
The very earth its beauties lent
To memorize the day
That fondly, sadly, hopefully,
We laid our maid away.

A CHILD OF MAY.

If I had been born on an April day
I would laugh and cry with my passion's sway,
But alas, and alack! It is not my way
For I was born with the smile of May.
And the May sun poured to my heart its light
And bade me to smile in the depths of night,
And to leave the tears that are wont to come
To be shed by the child of an April sun;
So, had I been born on an April day
I might have wept, but I cannot say,
For I am a child of May!

In loving memory of Dare
from faithfully yours
Mary Bliss Emmons
Ms-N.C. 1895

A DREAM.

O SUMMER night, with witchery enthralling!
O Summer night, beside the happy sea!
How earnestly my mind to thee recalling
Bids thee return in fondest memory.

I think upon the dearest little cranny
Where we were seated, he and I alone,
Apart from curious glances of the many,
Apart, in softest converse all our own.

The dimpled waters whispered to us sweetly,
The sinking sun had long bade us good-night,
And now the moon her silver car drove meekly,
As if half bashful of her lesser light.

Ah, moon, dear moon! the sparkling waters dancing
In trembling eagerness reflect thy face,
Until in mellow softness so entrancing
Thou art absorbed in Neptune's fond embrace.

The distant shore across the bay's undation
Showed little stars of tiny magic light,
Yet nearer seemed it to us in relation
Than our own land, behind us in the night.

I felt a hand, soft, warm, upon my tresses ;
I heard a word — too tender to express —
My wond'ring heart the secret but half guesses,
His tender glancing told me all the rest.

Half dazed I was, and half a happy feeling
Stole from my heart and lept from out my eyes —
Ah ! I can mind how blissful was the stealing
Of that new hope which he had bade arise.

Ah, Summer night, so youthful in your gladness !
Ah, Summer night, beside the happy sea !
I count the years between with tender sadness,
For what has been can never, never be !

SHE KNEW IT ALL.

Miss Peggy Ann she feels too smart
For anything I know ;
She flies around so *dretful* spry
It makes us seem real slow.
A feller *hates* a girl like that !
It makes him feel so small,
To tell a yarn, and have her say,
"Oh, yes, I know it all !"

It makes a feller kinder mad
To hev to set so mum ;
Last Sunday night I hardly spoke,
To-night I stay to home.

I thought perhaps she 'd like to hear
About the new Town Hall
We 're goin' to hev,— but no ! she 'd smile
And say she knew it all.

Her smile is kinder winsome too ;
Sometimes I almost feel
As if I didn't keer a darn
How fast the hours steal.
Sometimes I almost lose my head ;
I ain't myself at all ;
I guess them times I kinder like
To feel she knows it all.

I wonder if she knows how much
I feel — I wish she did,
But when I try to tell it out
I 'm shyer than a kid.
Maybe she 's watchin' for me now
Expectin' me to call,
I guess I better go an' see,
Perhaps she knows it all !

THE OLD HOME.

GRANDFATHER'S study is lighted,
And I look across the way,
And fancy what studies benighted
Have trod on the heels of day;

And I see the portly figure
In the dear old easy chair,
And the head bowed over the papers
With its crown of silver hair.

And then my heart remembers
With a dull, sick throb of pain
That the lighted windows will nevermore
Reveal his form again;
For the dear, dear form is resting,
And the hand will write no more
And the house in the hands of aliens
Is not as it was before.

Yea, sad the home is changed, now
The village store it holds,
And o'er the sacred precincts
Tread strangers manifold;
But there comes at times a moment
Of pleasure not to last,
When my mind forgets the present,
And lives in the holy past.

O house, so grand and roomy!
O home of our childhood's hour!
Though miles may come between us,
You never will lose your power;
And my eyes grow dim and misty
As I look on your changing form,
But ever you 'll be, in my memory,
My childhood's dear old home.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SOFT the feathery flakes are falling,
  Clothing earth in robes of white;
Sweet the Christmas bells are telling,
  "Jesus Christ is born to-night."
Open, heart, to glad receive him,
  Light as snow his love drifts in,
Till it fills to overflowing,
  Crowding out the weary sin.

Sing, glad hearts, in happy measure,
  Filled with heavenly love again;
Let the echo ring on echo,
  "Peace on earth, good will to men!"
Loud, exultant choirs of angels
  Swell aloft the glad refrain,
For in every heart at Christmas,
  Jesus Christ is born again.

WHY?

WHY do I love December chill?
  Is it the frosty air,
The merry flakes of rushing snow,
  That dash now here, now there?
I only know I love it well, —
But why, I cannot tell.

Why do I love the balmy spring?
Is it the soft'ning breeze,
The warmer sun, the chirp of birds,
The budding of the trees?
Alas! I know I love the May, —
But why, I cannot say.

Why do I love thee, ladie fair?
Is it thy sunny eyes,
Thy radiant smile, thy dainty grace,
That bids my love arise?
Ah! dearest heart, I love thee so, —
But why, I do not know.

A CHRISTMAS WISH.

If all the love I ever loved
Were centred now in thee;
If every wish for Christmastide
All wished again could be,
Thy Christmas would bear joy untold,
Thy heart, love-full, would ne'er grow cold,
Because within thy heart, dear one,
The blessed Christ is born.

And may the year its blessings bring,
Of health and mirth and toil;
And every grief will wait on Faith,
Though hard to reconcile;

And when old Christmas comes again,
Thy heart will sing the glad refrain,
Because within thy heart, dear one,
The blessed Christ is born.

SONNET.

Ah, piney breath of deeply shadowed woods,
Thou flashest back the half forgotten days
When daintily, in gleeful, childish mood,
Our naked feet picked slowly through the maze
Of deeper shadows than our feet had passed;
The spiky carpet bade us cautious steal;
The mossy rocks invite to ease our zest;
And, half allured, while half restrained, we feel
With doubting gaze to search the mysteries
Of that far deeper forest, grand and dim.
So in maturer hours we pause and list,
And fear to tread, as doubtful now as then,
In this far larger, deeper forest glade
Which spreads before us with mysterious shade.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Though parted, while the clouds be dark
There seems not e'en a hopeful spark;
I cannot say to thee adieu —
"Auf wiedersehen."

I let no hope my fancies steal;
I *will* not hope; I cannot feel
A faintest chance; but yet I say —
"Auf wiedersehen."

No other schemer came between;
We drew ourselves the dark'ning screen;
We said adieu, — but, dear, I feel
"Auf wiedersehen."

Perhaps — who knows? — the cloud may be
Too small to dark eternity;
I do not hope — I only say —
"Auf wiedersehen."

LOVE SONG.

SING me a song of tender love
The while the day is dying,
And dreamy flush of evening's light
Upon the hills is lying.

Some legend of the ancient time —
Of knight, and fame, and glory,
When every act the passion spoke
And told the tender story.

For every loving word suggests
My own sweetheart's confessing,
And stirs anew the precious thought
That I am now possessing.

Though brave your tale and sweet your song,
It but suggests a glory, —
For nothing is so sweet in life
To me as my love story.

LULLABYE.

CLOSE thine eyelids, tiny sprite,
For mother is rocking thy cradle to-night —
Rocking and swinging to and fro,
And crooning the while, in a voice so low,
Soft words to soothe her darling's ear,
"Hushabye, lullabye, Babie dear."

Close thine eyes from earth's sweet light,
The angels are rocking thy cradle to-night;
And the rush of wings to the cradle brings
The low sweet songs that the angels sing,
Now fading afar, now swelling near,
"Hushabye, lullabye, Babie dear."

Weep, ye angels, o'er the sight,
A mother is mourning her baby to-night;
And, bleak and cold o'er wood and wold,
The sad wind moans in its dreary flight.
Yet, through it all, as she strains to hear,
The song of the angels greets her ear,
"Hushabye, lullabye, Babie dear."

THE FALL OF PRIDE.

DAINTY Miss Tabby steps out for a walk,
Tripetty, tripetty, trop!
She has a new bonnet
With ribbons upon it
And a beautiful rose on the top.
The envying kittens admire her grace,
And follow, unconsciously stepping her pace,
And she smiles to each one with *this* look on her face
"Look! what do you think of this?"

Lordly Sir Bruno comes tramping along,
Stalkity, stalkity, stalk!
And away the kits tear
With bristling hair,
But Tabby continues her walk.
Afar in the distance her danger they call,
But her bonnet's so big she can't hear them at all,
Alas! for the pride that must suffer a fall!
Ah! what do you think of this?

Bruno steps up and he raises his cane.
Whackity, whackity, whack!
And Tabitha flees
For a thicket of trees,
While her bonnet hangs down on her back!

When safe in a tree is the desolate cat
She finds that old Bruno has wrenched off her hat,
The ribbons are torn and the rose is crushed flat,
Oh! what do you think of that!

VINCIT QUI PATITUR.

A MOURNING hope, a broken, sleepless night;
A long, long struggle, face so ashen white;
A grim despair. Look up! An angel stands,
"*Vincit qui patitur* — break the fretting bands."

"*Vincit*" — Alas! what hope to such as I?
The strife is long, I fain would seek to die.
"*Vincit*," again, "Seek not to strive — endure;
Look up with hope, *Vincit qui patitur.*

"With busy hands meet thou the daily task;
For happy heart makes joy forever last,
With cheery faith thy happiness ensure;
Prove thou the maxim, *Vincit qui patitur!*"

IT IS WELL.

I SAW a mother smiling o'er her task,
O'er fleecy, dainty goods the glad tears swell;
No doubt her glad reply if we should ask
If all be well!

I saw a babe at play upon the floor,
  This happy home his darling prattles tell;
His heaven his mother's smile — he knows no more,
    Ah! this is well!

I saw a grave o'er which white daisies spring;
  A tiny, tiny mound within the dell.
Ah! hearts so sad, you *must* arise and sing,
    For it is well!

ETHEL.

THE world sings but an empty song,
  The winds can only moan,
The sadness of the cricket's chirp
  Seems so forlorn and lone.

I wander oft from room to room
  And vainly seek to see
The living form, the happy face,
  The graceful dignity.

I miss the face so gladly bright,
  The cheery, helpful voice.
And yet they say, in soothing tone
  I should with her rejoice.

The restless longings of my heart
  Will not be satisfied;
The world seems hopelessly bereft
  Because my sister died.

A part of me is lying dead —
  My youth, my joys, my love; —
But still beyond there seems to be
  Another life above;

Another life, so partly mine, —
  So freely did we share
Our sister joys in work or ease,
  Our sister woes and care.

O Sister-heart, so fondly mine!
  So fondly thou must live,
And from thy home in Paradise
  Divinest influence give.

Dear little heart! in restless beat
  You lived so long, so brave,
Can I rejoice that quiet now
  Thou liest in the grave?

Can I rejoice that when thou died
  Went out the lights of life?
That chill and dark on every side
  I see unwearied strife?

Can I rejoice that now alone
  I walk with dreariest pace?
And sadly e'en the faintest smile
  Neglects to greet my face?

Oh, pure, white heart! before the Throne!
  Look down, look down on me!
Why share I not thy glory now?
  My life has died — with thee!

Send down the smile I used to know
  Before my sister died;
For thee my wearied vision seeks
  Not changed — but glorified.

Changed not — the same light, rippling laugh,
  The same sweet, dear caress,
The graceful pose, the artless tone,
  The carefulness in dress: —

In every way my sister lives
  More sweet, more fond, more true.
God speed the time when I shall go
  And share her glory too.

TO A FRIEND.

TIME has been, Friend, when I would say despairing,
  "Leave me alone,
And bid me go my way," not even caring
What might result; but I have been led on,
Perhaps by the Father's gracious, ready hand,
Perhaps by you, I cannot understand.

I only feel, dear Friend, — for you have been to me,
  And are, so dear!
Because your very presence seems to be
A stronger sight, to bring the Father near, —

That he, through you, sure must his mercy send;
Can I refrain from feeling you my Friend?

It is not time, I know, that I can feel
Always so brave;
But now, to-night, my heart and mind reveal
A newer strength, a strength your presence gave.
Words are so weak, but you no thanks will need,
God will repay tenfold your kindly deed.

And if the time should come when I can serve
As you, my Friend,
I trust I may return as you deserve,
And all the sympathy my heart can send,
And counsel or advice, — may they be true
And worthy, Friend, to go from me to you!

IT WOULD NOT DO.

It would not do that I should tell you, sweetness,
Of all that I could say;
It were not well that to your youthful meekness
I speak of love, to-day.
But if I mention eyes of precious blue,
Say, can you tell me what harm *that* would do?

It would not do to speak in passions raving
Of Somebody I know;
It would not do to tell how I am craving
For happiness below; —

But should I hold a dainty little hand,
What harm is that, pray can you understand?

It would not do to let my boldness show you
Who Somebody can be,
It would not do to in my arms enfold you
Lest Somebody should see;
But — *such* a pair of lips — so near my view!
Forgive me, pray, what harm, dear, *could* it do?

CHANSON TRISTE.

I WONDER why my heart should seem
So sad, so sad;
I wonder why I judge the world
Is mean and bad.

Why should I mourn, and never seem
More bright and gay?
Oh, dreary heart, arise and sing
At break of day.

For every day new mercies brings
New blessings fall.
Look up with faith; believe the good
Is over all.

Believe the God is over all,
And thou shalt feel
Secure in rest, and rest in faith,
And all is well.

HOW LONG!

THE night has come again, thank God!
Again I seek my well-earned rest;
My weary feet upon the sod
Of earthly toil so long have pressed,
That, eager now, they seek release,
How long, O God, withhold thy peace?

How soon will come that other night
When Sleep's twin sister, Death, shall reign,
And in her dumb, unconscious right,
Shall banish every earthly pain
From which my soul now seeks release,
How long, O God, withhold thy peace?

THE HOLY LAND.

SING of the Holy Land
A fresh, pure song
Of breezes cool, and brightest summer sun;
Of greenest lawns and luring shaded lanes,
Of dear, queer, ancient homes with colors dun,
And showing light through tiny, tiny panes;
Be this the song.

Mourn for the Holy Land
In sadder strain;
For Hebron's glory, fled the sight of men;

For better days when in the mazy dance
Came youths and maidens flocking to the scene
To meet the sport and gaze at each askance;
Be this the strain.

Wail for the Holy Land
A drear lament;
For oh! we miss each dear, departed face
Once living, leading, making Hebron bright,
Now sleeping 'neath the stones in perfect peace,
And making graves more dear than other life
While we lament.

Sing for the Holy Land
A brighter song;
For here and there together, souls unite.
And, standing in this lesser Holy Land,
We hear a voice as from the Infinite
Commingled with the saints in that blest band
In heavenly song.

Ah, Holy Land! thou art a step to God,
Thou art a song
In all the music of eternity.
A blessed peace is resting o'er thy sod,
The very winds breathe soft a melody,
The summer sun is warm with God's dear smile,
The winter snowflakes gently, softly fall.

Rest thou in peace! and earth and heaven the while
Join with thy saints triumphant over all
In glorious song.

APPRECIATION.

YOUR dainty gift brought to my fevered brain
Anew, the promise of far better things
Than filled my thoughts and sang a sad refrain;
For oh! how sad sometimes the world will bring
Its bitterness to our inner lives. And yet
So often darkest rains flash out the sun;
So oft the day has followed deepest dark;
So many times some act bids us forget
That sin is sin, and sorrow hits the mark;

So now, my friend (for friend I fain would say)
Your flowering kindness gives me hope again;
And gratefully my thanks to you I 'd pay,
Because your kindness gives the lie to pain;
Because you ease me when my heart is sad,
And bid me feel I have a thought abroad;
Because my song has grown now almost glad;
And from the vale my weary heart has soared
Far, far above the pettiness of life
Whence I can oversee my former strife.

"SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

Fly away, children, from pain and disaster,
Speed away, children, from desperate heat;
Rise on the winds, even faster and faster,
Finding yourselves at your dear Father's feet.

Come to Him, childlike, with penitent sobbing,
Come to Him, trusting that He will forgive,
Know that He soothes every burning heart-throbbing,
Know that alone He is sure to forgive.

Oh, if the men and the women could only
Cast off the mantle of sin that they wear;
Lay down the burden of cares that forlornly
Years they have borne and expect but to bear!

Look at your children! Before your wan features
Taught by your sorrow grew sour and grim,
Once you were pure as these innocent creatures;
How could you stray into pitiful sin?

Come to Him! Come! ye are children before Him,
Come then with innocence, trusting and free.
He will repeat as you, kneeling, adore him,
"Let but the little ones come unto me."

MY CROWN.

My crown is made of little, petty joys
Which root, and spring, and fill my swelling heart;
A friend's hand grasp, a word of tender love,
The kindly tone to heal some bitter smart.
So dear each kindly office, that my soul
Grows larger every day, nor shrinks again
When come the petty, sordid, *little* cares
That wring with fretting, murm'ring words of pain.
Far, far beyond the cares, these joys are sown
Which bear the fruits of many happy hours;
And slow is weaving now my victor-crown
Commingled with the hues of little flowers.
Day unto day, again these joys we praise
Nor dread the sorrows of less brighter days.

ALONE.

The wind whistles low through the tree tops
In desolate moan;
And sadly my heart is responding,
For I am alone.

Once my dull heart felt the sunlight,
The first ever known.
But, dazed with its brilliance, I spurned it,
And I am alone.

Ah! sad my sad heart moans its absence,
For now it has grown
Far darker and sadder than ever —
Ah! I am alone!

SONNET.

Beside the rushing brook there stood a tree;
No common elm, nor yet the sturdy oak;
Nor bending willow, reaching o'er to see
Her graceful form, — if chance the waters spoke
In calmer accents, soothing down the foam,
To smooth its surface to a mirrored glass;
Nor yet the silver beech, its beauties known,
Threw out to guile the traveller that might pass;
Though many trees the forest background made
And rich combined their beauties in a maze,
Within the foreground of their ample shade,
The flowering hawthorne fixed my ardent gaze.
And in the dainty freshness of this tree
I dream and gaze, and gaze and dream —
of thee!

THY WILL BE DONE.

THIS big, black cloud above my head
Is meant to be;
Perhaps the great sun, God had thought
Too bright for me.

Perhaps, had not the cloud arisen,
That great, bold sun
Had sapped my life when I was driven
Nearer his dome.

And so, dear God, help me to know
This cloud is Thine,
And say, because I trust in Thee,
"Thy will be mine."

AFTER DARK.

OH, what bliss in such a boat,
With its banners all afloat,
Though the glare be bright upon the sea —
But hark!
I can hear a fellow say,
"Soon this light will go away
You will find it *far* more soothing
After dark!"

Where the silvery waters glance
And the sunbeams toss and dance;
Ah! 't is then the maid steals off her sailor's heart.

For she lifts her bonny eyes
To his own, and softly sighs,
"I will tell you all about it
After dark!

For a rose he humbly sighs,
With the light within his eyes
Gaining fire from her own, which flash and spark.
If she gives to him the rose
Then his courage bolder grows,
He *may* ask for something better
After dark!

There 's a promise of a moon
On this balmy night in June,
What a jolly place this deck is for a lark!
Thus we dream of pleasures nigh
Which will reach us bye and bye,
But — we were n't allowed to stay till
After dark!

Who can tell what might have been,
With the darkness as a screen;
And our only guards the masts on sloop and bark?
Ah! we know full well, alas!
That the hours would quickly pass,
If we only *could* have stayed till
After dark!

WANTED — A BABY.

Did ever you see a baby
With eyes like a liquid blue,
With thousands of dimples, maybe,
And maybe a frown or two?
A voice like the early song-bird,
A head with gold all crowned,
Is there e'er to be found such a baby
In all the world around?

Of course I know such a baby,
My own little baby girl;
Her eyes are as deep as the bluest lake
And her hair is a mass of curls.
She talks and cooes till the sundown,
And there never can be found
Quite such a darling baby
In all the world around!

I want to adopt a baby,
And yours, madam, seems to be
Quite the kind I want, and may be
I 'll call at your house to see.

. . . . . .

You may call till you 're weary calling,
But you 'll find you 've run aground,
For there 's not enough gold for to buy my babe
In all the world around.

A LOVE SONG.

DEAR little Love, so far away,
Do you ever think of me
As sailing away and still away
Alone on the widening sea ?
The dark waves toss beneath my feet
And the white clouds o' er me move,
And the clouds and the waves to my heart respond,
My darling, I love, I love !

The stars shine out in the chilly air,
And the goddess of the night
Guides her silver car through the deep blue sky
In a mellow flow of light.
Let the moon or a star my message bring
Like a swift, bright carrier-dove,
And whisper, dear little Love, to thee,
My darling, I love, I love !

THEME.

THE while the sun shone bright above,
And freshest breezes played about our homes,
Another life has left our midst — and in the lone
Sad dreariness of her widowhood, fair Lydia

Excludes the light, and closes out the air,
The sweet fresh air of heaven ; while her tears
Fall bitter, fast, as sits she there alone.
Below, the form so pale, and pure, and still,
Bespeaks a solemn awe about the house ;
Cold Death hath set his seal upon that brow,
And nevermore within the body pent,
The soul, earth freed, will look from out those eyes.
But, soaring on the wings of faith and love,
It speeds from earthly lusts and earthly fears,
And fans the brow, and soothes the widow's tears.
The sun peeps in unbidden, and she throws
Far, wide, the blind, and lo ! the light streams in
And sweet the breath of flowers fills the room ;
— Softly, far borne upon the zephyrs play
The angels' songs, for this is Easter Day.

JULY 31, 1892.

THIS is the day, four months ago,
They laid your lovèd form away.
Six boys — they bore you gently, dear,
Each felt a sorrow, oh ! so near,
A sorrow born that day !
Gay they once danced with you ; but grave
They carried you, dear, to your grave
Four months ago to-day !

O, Love! the sun was bright that day;
The air was very sweet with flowers;
There was so much that touched my heart
I longed for you to share a part;
I wanted then to tell you how
Our friends were sweet, — they 're sweeter now.
And yet the lonely, lagging hours
Since God took you away!

I want you so! And in that want,
Which never can be filled for me,
Your friends come nearest, next to you,
Oh, could you know how dear and true
Each friend now seems to be;
And nearer seem than all the best
Those six, who laid you to your rest
Four months ago to-day!

TIT FOR TAT.

THE hour for my fitting is over,
Long, long past its due,
Alas! oh, my recreant tailor,
I 'm waiting for you.

My suit now for months I am wearing
With never a fee;
And now my expectant old tailor
Is waiting for me.

FIVE MONTHS AGO.

FIVE months ago to-day we mourned
The freshness of our loss;
And yet, dear Heart, the months agone
Have lightened not the cross;
Sometimes so dark the pathway seems
There is no sign of hopeful gleams.

Not always so; thank God for that,
We are not always sad;
The hours come, and often too,
When earth in beauty clad
Smiles to our longing eyes again,
And bids us cast aside the pain.

We do not weep, but try to feel
How grateful we should be
That God has spared thee from the pain
That Earth might bring to thee.
Indeed, we do thank God, but oh!
Our hearts are very lonely now.

And every day we feel more deep
The loneliness and pain,
And every hour makes time more short
Till we shall meet again.
Ah! scarce our sorrow then we knew
On that sad day, five months ago!

WHAT?

WHAT would you do if yonder little maiden
Should smile at you?
How would you feel if all her brilliant lightness
Flashed out at you in one great wave of brightness?
Would not your soul with pleasure be o'erladen?
What *would* you do?

What would you do if, in a sudden sorrow,
The tears up-flew?
Ah! then to comfort such exquisite sadness,
To call those dim eyes back their sunny gladness,
What soothing could your 'wildered longing borrow;
What would *you* do?

"LET THERE BE LIGHT."

O SOUL, thy room is darkened sore,
Thy casements yield no heavy wind,
And long thou sittest close confined
Within the portals of thy door.

And yet, the Sun awaits thy time
To bid his brightness enter in;
Ah, stir thee from thy sloth, and win
The wooing sunshine at the blind!

Spring up! O Soul, and love to be
A free and willing worshipper.
O Sun, stream in the open door,
And spread thy rich effulgency;

Through every crevice of the room
Enlighten, warm the Soul's abode,
And send thy pure, life-giving flood
To build anew, and flee the gloom.

TO THE DAISIES.

YE bright, starry daisies, with velvety eyes
That question my teardrops with wond'ring surprise,
Say, soft as you swing to the whispering breeze,
Does never it wilfully ruffle your ease?

Ah, daisies, dear daisies, would I were as bright,
To watch for the day in the depths of the night;
For though in the wind you may waver and bend,
Still smiling and cheerful you rise up again.

LONGING.

I WANT her, oh, I want her so!
My lonely heart beats' throbbing
Send fast the tears a-raining down,
And I am sobbing, sobbing.

O God! O God! the pain grows deep,
And far its roots are spreading,
Till all my heart be overgrown
And it is past the weeding.

The weeds of woe are choking all
The flowers that should be blooming,
For all my heart is steeped in grief,
And flowers would be presuming

I cannot have her back again;
But oh! the hours are dreary;
There is no balm in Gilead found,
No rest unto the weary.

She brought to every heart a peace,
To every soul a treasure;
And none could say she ever thought
To grant her selfish pleasure.

And now, since she has gone away,
So sadly I am trying
To mind how she would gladly ease
The pain she gave us, dying.

SIX MONTHS.

A FRESH, bright morning, crisp and clear,
Intoxication in the air;
The lovely Earth in glee
Decks herself prettily.

The dense, green leaves are taking on
Suggestion of a gayer tone;
And scatter their bright hues
Still fresh with morning dews.

The sky above, so blue and clean,
Seems nearer towards the earth to lean,
Lest it should fail to join
The harmony divine.

Such clear enchantment seems to be
The dream of what beyond the sea
Of Death's domain shall stand,
A purer, holier land;

Of those dear saints who, passed from view,
Released from Earth, their lives renew,
And give our longing eyes
Some glimpse of Paradise;

Of one sweet saint, so young and pure,
Who, six months since, passed through the door,
And through our loneliness
One cheering hope has left;

A vision of united bonds
Now hopelessly asunder torn.
Ah, Patience! wilt thou lend
Grace till the hurt shall mend?

Till one by one, the Angel Death
Shall bear from hence one failing breath
And free us from all pain,
Gladly to meet again.

ANOTHER CLOUD.

ANOTHER cloud is rising o'er my head;
Another joy from my sad heart is fled;
Another baby came to fill our arms,
And now our hearts are full of sad alarms.

There is no peace, there is no happiness;
Misfortunes overcome the hours of rest;
And every smile provokes a deeper sigh
For those who live but only live to die.

The anxious hours lag ever on and on;
Day sadly whispers that the night is gone;
And drearily again the shadows creep
And fill our hearts with darkness yet more deep.

We cannot laugh without a saddest sense
Of that dread weight which knows no recompense.
Our minds revolting turn from that dread fear
That Death is drawing very, very near.

Ah! let him come — it is but blest release;
We can but know he brings our baby peace;
And yet we sadly look above with dread
To this great cloud arising o'er our head.

A LA MODE.

Ah, Jack! How d 'ye do — what a stranger!
It seems quite an age since we met,
I 've no end of gossip to tell you —
What 's that? My engagement? Not yet!
But I wanted to ask about Cora,
And whether your cousin 's left town;
I tell you, Jack, she was enchanting
Last Sunday, — in *ecru* and brown.

So Cora was happy at Newport,
Your cousin was with her, you say?
Ah, that *quite* explains, my dear fellow,
How you could go down every day!
You did n't? Why, all the girls told me
That often you fled from the town.
I looked for you sometimes at Lenox,
And really half hoped you 'd come down.

What! young Harry Wright? Don't be silly!
I heard the girls say he 'd left town.
Indeed, you are *quite* misinformed then,
I 'm sure I don't know where he 's gone.
Who? Then *'t was* your pretty young cousin!
I 'd thank her to spread no more news!
And you are just ready and willing
To always believe — what a goose!

By the way, you have heard of old Spooner's
  Engagement to Rosebud La France?
They never had met till last winter
  At Mrs. De Sniverton's dance.
They say that she 's caught by his money,
  But *he's* deep in love, without doubt;
Ah, love is so seldom requited,
  As most of us live to find out!

Did I sigh? Well — I have a confession
  For you, for you 're always my friend.
You see — well — my friendship for Harry
  Completely has come to an end;
He went away quite broken hearted,
  And looking so awfully thin,
That really I felt half reproachful
  That I did n't know how to love — him!

Now, Jack! what a question! Regret it?
  No, not just the least little bit;
I only was sorry for Harry,
  I had n't believed him "hard hit."
Ah, *please* don't say that — why, your cousin!
  Whatever will she think of you?
You know you do care — don't deny it;
  Why all the girls say that you do.

  Indeed I'm *not* blushing — I never
    Have learned how to do it, you know:
  How really absurd you are talking!
    I never have known you so slow!

But are you then *truly* in earnest
(You 're *sure* that your cousin won't care !)
I do, then — but Jack, dear, be careful,
Just see how you 've rumpled my hair !

SONG.

If by the sea or in the woods
Sometimes my heart was lured away ;
If when, perchance, the moonbeams turn
The night to mellow day
My eyes have gazed in other eyes,
My heart has leaped to tender sighs,
And whispered words more sweet than wise
Have cheered me for a day ;

Believe me, dear, when in your gaze,
I could not feel the fickle glow,
Because your earnest honest love
Full well, dear heart, I know.
I dare not meet your ardent gaze,
Nor whisper words of other days,
Because you would not give me praise
Except you love me so.

Then give me eyes of flashing hue
To lead me in the gay quadrille ;
Let others give the passing love
That comes and goes at will ;

But when the merry sport is done
My heart would stray from idle fun ;
In silence then to you I 'd come
To rest, and to be still.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN.

Auf wiedersehen, my Darling !
Your hand has writ the line ;
And after Death has claimed you, Sweet,
These simple words I find.

Auf wiedersehen ! God grant it !
The time seems long before ;
My only hope is this, my Own,
You hold ajar the door.

God seems so far away, dear Heart,
That oft I feel the pain
Of losing you — and yet I pray
With you, *auf wiedersehen !*

BOB AND I.

WHAT scenes we pass, my Bob and I,
When, on the train,
Swiftly we dash, in cushioned ease,
Through sun or rain.
Alike we dash, alike we see,
My heart is light, for Bob's with me.

Through Walpole, Putnam, Blackstone, all —
My Bob and I
Glide on; and every foaming fall,
Or rippling brook, or rushing stream,
Fringed with its shades, imprints a dream,
And leaves its impress on our minds,
Perhaps on Bob's, though, more than mine!

* * * * * * *

And fast and swift the cars speed on,
And through their pulses sing
A song of sweet companionship
Above their rattling din.
And on we rush, and leave behind
A many in the rear,
Till Willimantics factories
Before our gaze appear.

Here we dismount, my Bob and I,
And, taking the Air Line,
We speed ahead to better lands
And purer airs divine.
Oh, glad our hearts bound higher yet
Nor cease to rise until
The welcome voice in lusty tones
Calls to us "Turnerville."

Now hie we forth, my faithful Bob,
And I will give to thee
More fairer lands, more brighter skies,
More perfect ecstasy!

The mail team waits upon our will,
And up we gaily climb.
Remembrance pictures it again, —
On Bob's mind more than mine.

Ride on and on, dear charger bay,
Along the dusty road,
Towards the haven we aspire
To seek a short abode!
A shaded lane of beauteous elms,
Arched high above, we reach;
In solemn state the lovely scene
Forbids the lighter speech.

Full many a well-known house we pass,
Full many an ancient barn;
Ah! swift the recollections rush
To keep the memory warm.
I must enjoy it more than Bob,
For he has never seen,
Dear, faithful Bob, the rolling hills
Round dear old Hebron Green.

Dear Bob! his willing eye is turned
To all I bid him see,
The dear old church, the stately elm
(Renowned and ancient tree);
The store, in which I strive to find
My dear old Grandsire's den;
But Bob can hardly note the change,
He never saw it then.

Poor Bob! he never saw the town
  Before the fire came
And felled the landmarks right and left
  With fateful, flick'ring flame;
He never saw the tall church-spire,
  In place of which there grew
This other one, less tall, more broad,
  And more distinctly *new*.

My Bob looks on the dear old homes,
  He knows them not by name;
The old Town Hall, from whose white walls
  Our Methodism came;
The school-house, too, whose ancient bell
  Full many a tale could toll,
And every style of house and home,
  Some new, some very old.

The tavern, too, is gone away,
  And, further down the road,
Another hostlery is found
  (My grandsire's first abode).
To Bob it is just what it is,
  And on his fertile brain
The road is stamped indelibly,
  To oft recall again.

A tiny house for storing grain
  Was once, so I am told,
A very much used Conference House,
  In good old days of old;

And just across the leafy road
  An old, red, ruined shop
Recalls how many a trade was plied,
  Which we remember not.

* * * * * * *

So stand we here, my Bob and I,
  On Hebron Green,
Finding on every side dear, holy thoughts
  Spring up again;
And faces that Bob cannot see
  People the hallowed spot for me;

Faces that Bob would long to know,
  And, knowing, keep;
But graves are all I have to show,
  Where dear ones sleep.
Dear Bob! he keeps each view I show,
  For Bob 's my camera, you know.

MY LOVE HAS GONE AWAY.

THE sun has dimmed in clouds of gray
His blessed light; no cheering ray
Has fallen on the earth to-day;
  My Love has gone away.

The flowers droop their heavy heads,
The grass is parched, the leaves seem dead,
All earthly joy from me has fled,
  Since Love has gone away.

The breezes moan, and sob, and sigh,
The tender birdlings chirp and cry,
The little lambs seem like to die,
Since Love has gone away.

Blow, softest breezes, to my dear,
And breathe my sorrow to her ear,
That life is lone, and dark, and drear,
Since Love has gone away.

O Love! return, and with thy art
Bid bitter pain from me depart,
For ceaseless moans my aching heart
When Love is gone away.

JARED PHELPS ELLSWORTH.

SWEET thy little life has been,
Dearer each succeeding morrow;
Yet thine oft-times racking pain
Filled our loving hearts with sorrow;
Now that little life has passed.
Sweet, my baby, sleep at last.

Sad we miss thy baby glee,
Sad our aching hearts are mourning.
God's bright angel came for thee;
Now, where brighter skies are dawning,
All thy future will be passed.
Sweet, my baby, sleep at last.

Long we linger round thee now,
  Still among fair flowers lying,
Peace upon thy baby brow;
  God forbid we should be sighing
That thy dear, wee life is past.
Sweet, my baby, sleep at last!

RACHEL'S SECRET.

'T wuz growin' late; the sun had set,
  An' all my chores wuz done;
Sez I to Ma, "I 'll sleep more sound
  To take a little run."
So, with my pail I started out
  Fur Squire Simpkins' well,
But who I met, an' what he sed,
  I'm not a-goin' to tell!

You see, it wuz n't very dark,
  Although the shades wuz thick,
An' though it wuz n't fur to go,
  I stepped on pretty quick;
So when I 'd filled my pail I thought
  I 'd better rest a spell;
But what Ma sed when I got home
  I 'm not a-goin' to tell!

Because, before I got back home
  'T wuz dark as Egypt's night;
I wuz n't scared of that, although
  I kinder wished 't wuz light,

'Cause Ma don't like me out alone,
She sez it don't look well;
But whether or no I *wuz* alone
I 'm not a-goin' to tell!

The wind breathed soft among the trees,
There warn't no moon that night,
But seems as if the stars knew that,
'Cause they shone doubly bright;
All things seemed extry nice somehow,
But why they did — ah, well,
Till Reuben comes on Sunday night
I 'm not a-goin to tell!

REMEMBRANCE.

When sorrow marks thee for her own,
When, sick and sad, thou toil'st alone,
With no loved friend to ease thy moan,
Then think of me.

When pain seems more than one can bear,
And pride forbids the grateful tear,
Then know my heart is with thee, dear,
I think of thee;

And, in the silent deeps of night,
I seem to see — a vision bright —
The rosy hue of morning light
To dawn for thee.

Though deep thy woe, my heart will be
Fast linked with thine, and canst not see
Whate'er is thine must come to me?
Think thus of me.

And when joys come, as come they will,
My cup of joy thou 'lt more than fill
If, in thy happiness, thou still
Wilt think of me.

MANSFIELD.

OVER the hills and far away
We spin with a dash and a groan;
Past mountain and valley, river and bay,
Till we come to Mansfield town.

Under the hills so far away
Lies Crystal Lake concealed;
And here we find of Nature's hoard
A mine of wealth revealed.

Over the hills from the noise and fret,
From the city's bustle and woe,
Though you almost sigh for the gay life, yet
To the land of peace you go.

And under the everlasting hills
With the blue, blue sky above,
You forgive the world for its sin and ill,
Content with a life of love.

WHEN MY SHIP COMES IN.

Oh, many a man and a woman too
  Owns a ship afar away,
And they dream of their treasures beyond their
    view
  Which they hope to possess some day.
They look, no doubt, for mines of gold
  Their coffers to line within,
But I! I am sure of my laddie bold
  Whenever my ship comes in.

Ye phantom ships on the distant seas
  Which faith's eye scarce can span,
Though your wealth be great, is it sure to
    please
  If ever you come to land?
Oh! brighter the sun tips every wave,
  And gayer the birdlings sing,
And my heart leaps glad to my laddie brave,
  Whenever my ship comes in!

HIS BAPTISM.

OLIVER EDWARD ELLSWORTH.

While here we meet, our baby to present
  And set his feet within the narrow way,
Another face his little one supplants,
  And tears are mingled with our joy to-day.

Another face, another angel smile,
And golden curls commingle with the brown;
The same sweet eyes, with heaven's own blue, suggest
A sad reminder of the days agone.

A memory sad — and yet we thankful feel
That no perplexing ills can him annoy;
No matter what may come to other lives
Safe with the Shepherd is our baby boy.

His little lips can never utter wrong,
His toddling feet from Thee can never roam,
With agony of loss our hearts are wrung
And yet rejoice, that he is safe at Home.

This other one, the Peaceful Prince, thus named,
Prince in God's kingdom, heritor of Peace;
May God's own love protect him from the world,
And day by day his ghostly strength increase.

DEPARTURE.

THE engine heaves, the wheels below
Begin to turn,
And now the train is moving slow;
My eyelids burn
With scalding tears that sudden rise
To hang a mist before my eyes.

A blessed mist, for, when I see
The world again,
I find myself away from thee;
With lonely pain
I bid the happy hours begone,
And read, and think me not forlorn.

My eyes not always on my book
Content will stay,
But o'er the dear, green, rolling hills
Will often stray,
As past them like a bird we flee.
Ah! sad my heart at leaving thee.

I love the queer, gray, ruined homes
We often pass;
I love each tree, each stick and stone
Each blade of grass
That separates thee from my heart,
O dear old friend, Connecticut!

When shall we meet again? who knows
What may prevent?
The hand of fate its sturdy grasp
Oft may relent,
And I again beneath thy sky,
May join thy summer's melody.

TOO LATE!

MEETIN' lets out now pretty late;
  Last night when we got home
'T wuz dark; an', waitin' by the gate
  Fer t' other folks ter come,
She laid her hand so soft in mine,
  "I thank you, Jim," she sed;
I did n't dare to squeeze it tight,
  But now I wisht I hed.

The clouds wuz scuddin' round the moon,
  An' now an' then 't wuz dark,
An' such times seems as if my heart
  Riz up like eny lark;
'Coz then I might a' stole a kiss
  Frum smilin' lips so red,
But, blame it all! I did n't dare;
  Oh! how I wisht I hed!

An' now I'll never git a chance,
  She goes away to-day;
I did n't say a thing last night
  That I had planned to say.
Somehow my tongue felt awful thick;
  I wonder what she 'd sed
If I had told her all last night
  Thet now I wisht I hed!

DOROTHY FENN.

CAROLINE'S daughter! Her age, I guess,
Something more than a year, not less;
Gay little maid with big, brown eyes
Gazing about with a quick surprise,
Two little dimpled hands upraised
To point out the objects that hold her gaze,
Dear little feet that try to walk,
Dear little voice, whose baby talk
Serves to show, with a witching wile,
The pearls of teeth in a ready smile.

Smile? why, the veriest stranger near
Catches a glimpse of the sunshine here;
Catches a sight of the pure, sweet grace
That only can dwell in our baby's face.
Kisses are showered upon her head,
Daintily sweet is our little maid.

Ah, little Dorothy! Dorothy Fenn!
What may we wish for thy future then?
Only be this: may those eyes be given
Grace to espy, on this earth, the heaven;
Gladly the feet may be led to go
Where the hands may find their work to do;
And the dear, sweet voice with its darling tone
May it cheer the world, as it cheers its own;

And so, wee maid, may your whole life grow
The graces you bear in embryo,
And there surely will be no cognomen
So sweet to the hearing as Dorothy Fenn.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

If, in the bonny month of May,
Just you and Prue
Stroll and enjoy the sunny day,
When follows Will with cousin Sue,
Suppose they interrupt you two,
Just Prue and you,
What would you do?

Suppose with calm unknown before
That Will and Sue
Suggest to count the party four,
And Will should walk with pretty Prue,
Of course you *must* fall back with Sue,
Your cousin, too!
What would you do?

Suppose, when you 're at last alone,
Just Prue and you,
With ill-kept wrath you make your moan;
Then, pleading, tempt those eyes of blue,
And rosy mouth, so near, to you,
And pouting, too!
What would you do?

IN MEMORIAM.

WHERE shines the moon upon a thousand waves,
Which dance and flicker in her mellow light;
Where blows the salt-sea air upon my cheek
In the cool August night,
I seek the rock where we were wont to hide,
And watch the ebb and flow of many a tide.
How bitter sad the scene is now to me
When I remember what it used to be.

Again the August sun is beating down
Upon the rocks and dainty-crested sea;
Unchanged the scene, and yet, alas, how sad
The past comes back to me!
Down in this shady nook, the rocks among,
I mind me how the billows tossed and flung
Their tops so near us, as we used to be
Alone, together, by the surging sea.

EASTER SONG.

SING, O heart, an Easter song;
Rise, O sun, to greet the morn;
Ring, ye chimes, your sweetest lay,
For Christ was risen on Easter Day.

Mortals, raise your voices long
Blending with the angels' song,
From the heavens they sing and say,
"Christ is risen, is risen to-day!"

In our chorus grand, accord
Praises to our risen Lord;
Saints triumphant swell the lay,
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!

THE HOLY LAND.

O SWEET suggester of the purest Heaven
That man's enfeebled cognizance can find,
O dearest haven for the weary wanderer,
Soft, soothing rest for overcrowded mind;
Ah, Holy Land! so holy true thou art
Thou hast no rival deep within my heart!

BECKY'S QUERY.

DEAR grandmama, when *you* were young,
And grandpa came a-courting,
Did *you* feel sure when love begun?
Or did you let it slowly come?
Did grandpa give you roses fair,
To deck your gown, or twine your hair?
Did everybody whisper "There!
The man has come a-courting?"

How did you know, dear grandmama,
Whate'er the man was coming for,
When grandpa came a-courting?
Were there no other suitors nigh
To sue your heart, and soothe your sigh?
Did you not sometimes whisper, "Why
Will people come a-courting?

How did you know which one to choose?
Did you not tremble in your shoes
When grandpa came a-courting?
And when you chose of all, the best,
What *did* you do with all the rest?
Were they not *terribly* distrest
'Cause grandpa came a-courting?

How wise, dear grandmama, were you
When grandpa came a-courting!
Suppose I had a lover, too, —
Of course it is not really true, —
What ever, *ever* SHOULD I do
If e'er one came a-courting?

MY LOVE.

I SAW her first in floating garments drest,
And keeping time with dainty, dancing feet;
Her presence gave the hall a brighter zest,
And every turn an added joy she 'd meet, —
How sweet the smiles her every pleasure greet!

I saw her last clad in the garb of woe,
So tender, strong, and oh! so sweetly brave
That all my heart must in devotion go
Towards her strength which, all unconscious, gave
Assurance twice of love, each side the grave.

PARTING.

Good night, O friend, but not good bye;
That parting word with tear dimmed eye
Forbids the soul to speak;
But rather, with a smiling face
We part, and each his customed place
We turn, our rest to seek.

Perchance for us the sun may ne'er
His golden light of promise wear,
We may not meet again;
But even so, 't were best to leave
A bright good bye, than 't were to grieve
And give the parting pain.

Good night! but why not then good bye?
That word should draw our hearts more nigh
And turn our souls to light.
"God be with you" the words portend,
So glad and bright, I wish you, friend,
Good bye and not good night!

FINALE.

In bitter tears my muse reads o'er the words
My pen has written for the world to see,
And on my bended head her censure falls,
For, stealthily, my pen, abashed, has hid
His aching head, and left her wrath for me.

She bids me say how little here is writ
That her conception longed to give to you,
And mourns again and yet again that e'er
Her mentor should be such a pen as mine,
And most severely adds: "With such a dolt,
I could not hope my words be better writ."

She bids me say that, if her songs are sad,
It is not that her nature bends in grief,
Only her deep heart-gladness finds no vent;
But all her soul in boundless, wordless song
Leaps with the earth's great symphony divine,
And blissfully the faint celestial hymns
Sing to her soul at times; but such are thoughts
That words would fail their bliss to e'er convey
And so these songs forever must be mute.

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